

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

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Foreign Advertising Representative.—The American Press Association.

The Republicans have inaugurated a campaign of "explaining" for the Congressional election this fall. They will need a lot of it.

Senator Borah had the courage of his convictions in his reply to the men who threatened to defeat him for his vote on the bonus measure.

The appointee as postmaster at Liberty, Tenn., according to Senator McKellar, "enjoys the proud distinction of having been indicted for bootlegging, and numerous other charges have been preferred against him."

No, it was not a Democratic paper that said this, it was the New Hampshire Guardian, a Republican paper of Manchester: "Congress gummied up the tax revision programme, man-handled the whole tariff revision question and made a nauseating spectacle of itself in handling the bonus problem. Its record will surely give every thoughtful Republican cause for alarm."

KNOCKERS AND BOOSTERS.

The ball team has gone to considerable expense of putting up a grand stand and improving the grounds and the fans should back them up. In the game with Ezel Saturday there was a crowd of possibly two hundred and only about seven dollars paid in. The boys had had scarcely any practice and did not put up the game that they will later, but there was too much knocking. It would have encouraged the boys more if those who did the loudest knocking had paid the 15 cents admission fee instead of refusing to pay and then knocking. The fans ought to be willing to pay for seeing the game before they criticize the home team too freely. The boys had to go down in their own pockets to pay the expense of improving the grounds. Let's give them better support and less knocking.

GO YOUR LIMIT—AND THEN SOME.

The committee to raise the \$100,000.00 necessary to make us eligible for the new Normal School will divide the county into districts and every citizen will be permitted to contribute to the fund.

This is no time to hesitate. Figure out how much you can afford to give—and double the amount. The men who are pledging \$1,000.00 or more are more numerous than it was at first thought they would be. And the \$500.00 men are showing up numerous. To the Doubting Thomases let us put the matter thus: Morgan county lists about \$5,000,000.00 for taxation. One hundred thousand dollars is but two per cent of this. Some of the men around West Liberty are offering to donate to the extent of 25 per cent of the value of their property. Figured on the percentage basis it ought to be an easy matter to raise the required amount. The value of all property in the county will be greatly enhanced by the location of the school, and we can not afford to fail to raise the required amount, and we have only a short time in which to do it. "Get busy" is the watchword now.

THE GAS PROBLEM.

In the light of the experience of the town for the past three years in regard to the gas supply, it behooves us to take the matter up now and settle it. There is an inadequate gas supply. This is beyond dispute. Every little cold wave demonstrates that. Whether this is because the line is not in good condition or lack of gas at the wells is immaterial. We don't get the gas. The company claims that it has an abundant supply of gas and that the town has torn its lines up in street construction. But neither the gas company nor the town is doing anything about it.

The point the Courier is trying to make is that the people are entitled to adequate service from the gas company and that to hold its franchise it must supply the gas necessary to the consumption of the people. If the town has damaged the lines it ought to be compelled to repair them, and then the gas company should be compelled to furnish gas or surrender its franchise. This condition has prevailed for three years and seems to be no nearer a solution than at the beginning. The Courier is informed that we can get gas from another source if the company now surrenders its franchise. The settlement of the matter ought not to be put off till winter again or we will face another winter without gas.

DUFFY FOR CONGRESS.

In this issue of the Courier will be found the formal announcement of H. C. Duffy, of Harrison county, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Congress from the Ninth Congressional district.

Mr. Duffy has served five terms as Representative from his district in the legislature. He has never sought office but the office sought him. He was Speaker of the House in the session of 1916 and the special session of 1917.

Although a graduate of the University of Virginia law school Mr. Duffy is a farmer. When a young man his health prevented him from following the practice of law and he retired to the farm, and has made a successful farmer, and has kept in close touch with the progress of the country. He is an old time Jeffersonian Democrat, strong in the faith and consistent in practice. Mr. Duffy says that so many letters are coming to him from every part of the district asking him to make the race for Congress that he has decided to enter. He has the promise of the support of enough counties to make him a formidable candidate for the nomination. Coming from Harrison, one of the largest Democratic counties in the district, he will wield a big influence in the other counties.

The Courier asks its readers to give Mr. Duffy's candidacy thoughtful and earnest consideration.

The INDIAN DRUM

by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer



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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Wealthy and highly placed in the Chicago business world, Benjamin Corvet is something of a recluse and a mystery to his associates. After a stormy interview with his partner, Henry Spearman, Corvet sends Constance Sherrill, daughter of his own business partner, Lawrence Sherrill, and secures from her a promise not to marry Spearman. He then disappears. Sherrill learns Corvet has written to certain Alas Conrad in Blue Rapids, Kansas, and exhibited strange agitation over the matter.

CHAPTER II.—Corvet's letter summons Conrad, a youth of unknown parentage, to Chicago.

CHAPTER III.—From a statement of Sherrill it seems probable Conrad is Corvet's illegitimate son. Corvet has secured his house and its contents to Alas.

CHAPTER IV.—Alas takes possession of his new home.

CHAPTER V.—That night Alas discovers a man ransacking the desks and bureau drawers in Corvet's apartments. The appearance of Alas tremendously agitates the intruder, who appears to think certain Alas Conrad is the "Mikawa." After a struggle the man escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—Next day Alas learns from Sherrill that Corvet has died his entire property to him. Introduced to Spearman, Alas is astounded at the discovery that he is the man whom he had found in his house the night before.

CHAPTER VII.—Alas tells no one of his strange encounter, but in a private interview takes Spearman with the fact. Spearman laughs at and denies him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Corvet's Indian servant, Wassaquam, tells Alas he believes the legend of the Indian Drum, which according to old superstition beats once for every life lost on the Great Lakes. Twenty years before, the great freighter Mikawa had gone down with twenty-five on board. Alas had been one of the drowned only twenty-four, leaving the inference that one person had been saved, since it was general belief that the drum never errs. Pursuing a stranger who had made a disturbance at his house, Alas is slugged and rendered unconscious.

CHAPTER IX.

A Walk Beside the Lake.

"The name seems like Sherrill," the interne agreed. "He said it before when we had him on the table upstairs; and he has said it now twice distinctly—Sherrill."

"His name, do you think?"

"I shouldn't say so; he seems trying to speak to some one named Sherrill. There are only four Sherrills in the telephone book, two of them in Evansville and one way out in Minnesota."

"The other?"

"They're only about six blocks from where he was picked up; but they're on the Drive—the Lawrence Sherrills."

The interne looked softly and looked more interestedly at his patient's features. "He'll be conscious some time during the day, there's only a slight fracture, and—perhaps you'd better call the Sherrill house, anyway. If he's not known there, no harm done; and if he's one of their friends and he should . . ."

The nurse nodded and moved off.

Thus it was that at a quarter to five Constance Sherrill was awakened by the knocking of one of the servants at her father's door. Her father went down stairs to the telephone instrument where he might reply without disturbing Mrs. Sherrill. Constance, sitting over her shoulders, stood at the top of the stairs and waited. It became plain to her at once that whatever had happened had been to Alas Conrad.

"Yes. . . . Yes. . . . You are giving him every possible care? . . . At once."

She ran part way down the stairs and met her father as he came up. He told her of the situation briefly.

"He was attacked on the street late last night; he was unconscious when they found him and took him to the hospital, and has been unconscious ever since. No one can say yet how seriously he is injured."

She waited in the hall while her father dressed, after calling the garage on the house telephone for him and ordering the motor. When he had gone, she returned anxiously to her room; he had promised to call her after reaching the hospital and as soon as he had learned the particulars of Alas's condition. It was ridiculous, of course, to attach any responsibility to her father or herself for what had happened to Alas—a street attack such as might have happened to any one—yet she felt that they were in part responsible. They had let him go to live alone in the house in Astor street with no better adviser than Wassaquam. Now, and perhaps because they had not warned him, he had met injury and, it might be, more than mere injury; he might be dying.

Something which had disturbed and excited Alas had happened to him on the first night he had passed in that house; and now, it appeared, he had been prevented from passing a second night there. What had prevented him had been an attempted robbery upon the street, her father had said, but suppose it had been something else than robbery.

She could not formulate more definitely this thought, but it persisted; she could not deny it entirely and shake it off.

To Alas Conrad, in the late afternoon of that day, this same thought was coming far more definitely and far more persistently. He had been awake and sane since shortly after noonday. The pain of a head which ached terribly and of a body bruised and sore was beginning to give place to a feeling merely of lassitude—a languor which revealed incoherence upon him when he tried to think. The man who had assaulted him had meant to kill; he had not been an ordinary robber. That purpose, blindly recognized and fought against by Alas in their struggle, had been unmistakable. Only the chance presence of passersby, who had heard Alas's shouts and responded to

them, had prevented the execution of his purpose, and had driven the man to swift flight for his own safety.

A little before six Constance Sherrill and Spearman called to inquire after him and were admitted for a few moments to his room. She came to him, bent over him, while she spoke the few words of sympathy the nurse allowed to her; she stood back then while Spearman spoke to him. In the succeeding days he saw her nearly every day, accompanied always by her father or Spearman; it was the full two weeks the doctors had insisted on his remaining in the hospital before he saw her alone.

They had brought him home, the day before—she and her father, in the motor—to the house on Astor street. He had insisted on returning there, refusing the room in their house which they had offered; but the doctor had enjoined outdoors and moderate exercise for him, and she had made him promise to come and walk with her. He went to the Sherrill house about ten o'clock, and they walked northward toward the park.

"There is something I have been wanting to ask you," she said.

"Yes."

"That night when you were hurt—it was for robbery, they said. What do you think about it?" She watched him as he looked at her and then away; but his face was completely expressionless.

"The proceedings were a little too rapid for me to judge, Miss Sherrill."

"But there was no demand upon you to give over your money before you were attacked?"

"No."

"She breathed a little more quickly. 'It must be a strange sensation,' she observed, 'to know that some one has tried to kill you.'"

"It must, indeed."

"You mean you didn't think that he tried to kill you?"

"I was hardly in a condition, Miss Sherrill, to appreciate anything about the man at all. Why do you ask?"

"Because—" She hesitated an instant. "If you were attacked to be killed, it meant that you must have been attacked as the son of—Mr. Corvet. Then that meant—at least it implied—that Mr. Corvet was killed, that he did not go away. You see that, of course."

"Were you the only one who thought that? Or did some one speak to you about it?"

"No one did; I spoke to father. He thought—"

"Yes."

"Well, if Mr. Corvet was murdered—I'm following what father thought, you understand—it involved something a



"It Must Be a Strange Sensation," She Observed, "to Know That Someone Has Tried to Kill You."

good deal worse perhaps than anything that could have been involved if he had only gone away. The facts we had made it certain that—if what had happened to him was death at the hands of another—he must have foreseen that death and, seeking no protection for himself . . . It implied, that he preferred to die rather than to ask protection—that there was something whose concealment he thought mattered even more to him than life. It—It might have meant that he considered his life was . . . due to whom ever took it. Her voice, which had become very low, now ceased. She was speaking to Alas of his father—a father whom he had never known, and whom he could not have recognized by sight until she showed him the picture a few weeks before; but she was speaking of his father.

"Mr. Sherrill didn't feel that it was necessary for him to do anything, even though he thought that?"

"If Mr. Corvet was dead, we could do him no good, surely, by telling this to the police; if the police succeeded in finding out all the facts, we would be doing only what Uncle Benny did not wish—what he preferred death to. We could not tell the police about it without telling them all about Mr. Corvet, too. So father would not let himself believe that you had been attacked to be killed. He had to believe the police theory was sufficient."

Alas made no comment at once. "Wassaquam believes Mr. Corvet is dead," he said finally. "He told me so. Does your father believe that?"

"I think he is beginning to believe it."

"I've not told any one," he said, now

watching her. "How I happened to be out of the house that night, I followed a man who came there to the house. Wassaquam did not know his name. He did not know Mr. Corvet was gone; for he came there to see Mr. Corvet. He was not an ordinary friend of Mr. Corvet's; but he had come there often. Wassaquam did not know why. Wassaquam had sent the man away, and I ran out after him; but I could not find him."

He stopped an instant, studying her. "That was not the first man who came to the house," he went on quickly, as she was about to speak. "I found a man in Mr. Corvet's house the first night that I spent there. Wassaquam was away, you remember, and I was alone in the house."

"A man there in the house?" she repeated.

"He was going through Mr. Corvet's things—not the silver and all that, but through his desks and files and cases. He was looking for something—something which he seemed to want very much; when I interfered, it greatly excited him. I frightened him. He thought I was a ghost."

"A ghost. Whose ghost?"

He shrugged. "I don't know; some one whom he seemed to have known pretty well—and whom Mr. Corvet knew, he thought."

"Why didn't you tell us this before?"

"At least—I am telling you now, Miss Sherrill. I frightened him, and he got away. But I had seen him plainly. I can describe him. . . . You've talked with your father of the possibility that something might 'happen' to me such as, perhaps, happened to Mr. Corvet. If anything does happen to me, a description of the man may . . . prove useful."

Then clearly and definitely as he could, he described Spearman to her. She did not recognize the description; he had known she would not. Had not Spearman been in Duluth? Beyond that, was not connection of Spearman with the prowler in Corvet's house the one connection of all most difficult for her to make? But he saw her fixing and recording the description in her mind.

They were silent as they went on toward her home. He had said all he could, or dared to say; to tell her that the man had been Spearman would not merely have awakened her incredulity; it would have destroyed credence utterly. A definite change in her relation to one another had taken place during their walk. The fullness, the frankness of the sympathy there had been between them almost from their first meeting, had gone; she was quite aware, he saw, that he had not frankly answered her questions; she was aware that in some way he had drawn back from her and shut her out from his thoughts about his own position here. But he had known that this must be so; it had been his first definite realization after his return to consciousness in the hospital when, knowing now her relation to Spearman, he had found all questions which concerned his relations with the people here made immeasurably more acute by the attack upon him.

She asked him to come in and stay for luncheon, as they reached her home, but she asked it without urging; at his refusal she moved slowly up the steps. Looking after him from the window after he had entered the house, she saw him turn the corner in the direction of Astor street.

CHAPTER X.

A Caller.

As the first of the month was approaching, Wassaquam had brought his household bills and budget to Alas that morning directly after breakfast. To furnish Alas with whatever sums he needed, Sherrill had made a considerable deposit in Alas's name in the bank where he carried his own account; and Alas had accompanied Sherrill to the bank to be introduced and had signed the necessary cards in order to check against the deposit.

Alas had required barely half of the hundred dollars which Benjamin Corvet had sent to Blue Rapids, for his expenses in Chicago; and he had brought with him from "home" a hundred dollars of his own.

The amount which Wassaquam now desired to pay the bills was much more than Alas had on hand; but that amount was also much less than the eleven hundred dollars which the servant listed as cash on hand. This, Wassaquam stated, was in currency and kept by him. Benjamin always had had him keep that much in the house; Wassaquam would not touch that sum now for the payment of current expenses.

On the first of the month, therefore, Alas drew upon his new bank account to Wassaquam's order, and in the early afternoon Wassaquam went to the bank to cash his check—one of the very few occasions when Alas had been left in the house alone; Wassaquam's habit, it appeared, was to go about on the first of the month and pay the tradesmen in person.

Some two hours later, and before Wassaquam could have been expected back, Alas, in the room which had become his, was startled by a sound of heavy pounding, which came suddenly to him from a floor below. Shouts—heavy, thick, and unintelligible—mingled with the pounding. He ran swiftly down the stairs, then on and down the service stairs into the basement. The door to the house from the arway was shaking to irregular, heavy blows, which stopped as Alas reached the lower hallway; the shouts continued still a moment more. Now that the noise of pounding did not interfere, Alas could make out what the man was saying. "Ben Corvet!" the name was almost unintelligible—"Ben Corvet! Ben!" Then the shouts stopped, too.

Alas sped to the door and turned back the latch. The door bore back upon him, not from a push, but from a weight without which had fallen against it. A big, heavy man, with a

(Continued on page 3.)

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West Liberty, Ky., March 24, 1922.

At the regular term of the April Fiscal Court which will convene April 26th, 1922, the magistrates will elect a County Health Officer to serve for a period of the unexpired two year term that closes December 31, 1923, and I will receive bids from any physician who cares to make a bid. You will be required to do all the duties of County Health Officer, and give medical attention to the inmates of the county jail and poorhouse. Said bids must be sealed, and the man that elected will be certified to the State Board of Health and commissioned as the secretary of the County Board of Health of Morgan county.

JAMES V. HENRY,

Judge Morgan County Fiscal Court.